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MISCELLANEOUS

# POEMS
# SPEECHES
# ESSAYS

BY

JOHN C. LANGSTON

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1914

MISCELLANEOUS

# POEMS, SPEECHES

# AND ESSAYS

BY

J. C. LANGSTON

Sylvania, Ga., 1914

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1914

# DEDICATION

TO HONORABLE HERSCHEL S. WHITE,

the pupil of my younger days, the bosom friend of my maturer years, the champion of every virtue and the foe of every wrong, one of the few of nature's genuine noblemen, I respectfully dedicate this little volume.

JOHN C. LANGSTON.

Sylvania, Georgia, 1914.

To transfer
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## ESTHER AND NAOMI;

### A Story of the Wives of King Solomon.

The king sat in his royal hall,
His wives were gathered round him all;
Deep was the dark of orient eyes,
And some were blue as summer skies;
And snow white necks and dimpled arms,
Suggestive of still other charms,
Shone under lamps of burnished gold,
While amorous music softly rolled
Voluptuous strains of melting love,
That reached the cedar roof above.
Sweet was the perfume on the air,
And sweet the tints of beauty there.
The raven tresses and the gold
Fell down in many a plaited fold
On ivory shoulders satin skin,
And silken robes, so soft and thin,
They did not hide, but half revealed
The heavenly charms those robes concealed.

The king gazed on, abstracted, mute,
Nor music of the harp or lute,
Nor silver laugh, nor love-lit eye
Could rouse him from his revery.
His gaze was fixed, his head was bowed,
Upon his brow a gathering cloud,
Defying even the kings control,
Gave tokens of a troubled soul.
A month ago the king had led
Naomi to the nuptial bed;
Latest and loveliest of them all
Within that monarch's regal hall;
And Esther, once the favorite queen,
Most honored of them all, had seen

Her royal lovers zeal decline,
To worship at another shrine;
She saw Naomi's star arise,
To shine within the royal skies.
All unavailing her regret,
For Esther's star for aye had set,
And she was doomed to see her foe,
Her rival, triumph in her woe,
Then jealous hatreds poisoned fang
Fixed in her heart a deadly pang,
That suffered neither sleep nor rest
Within her wild and maddened breast;
Then cherished she a dark revenge,
To see Naomi crawl and cringe,
And beg for mercy at her feet—
Revenge like this were heavenly sweet.

Naomi had not loved the king,
But wore perforce the wedding ring;
His was the right to look and choose,
No maiden might the king refuse;
Her heart had long been Joseph's own;
He was her king; his was the throne
At which Naomi long had paid
The homage of a Jewish maid.
By Joseph was Naomi loved,
His royal love he long had proved,
And when the king had fixed his eyes
Upon so fair and sweet a prize,
And claimed her as a sacrifice,
Then burned with fiery grief his soul,
Then burst the bonds of self control,
And passion urged, with scorpion sting,
To mete out vengeance to the king.

When night drew down her sable pall,
Then haunted he the palace wall,
To catch a glimpse of eyes that shone,
And shone with love for him alone.
He heard a song—Naomi's voice,
Like music, made his heart rejoice;
Beyond the casements latticed light,

He saw Naomi's face; the sight
Made all his pulses faster beat
With passions maddening fever heat,
And bade him dare or death or shame
To call upon Naomi's name,
With beating heart and flying feet,
Within the garden's cool retreat,
She met her lover, face to face,
And clasped within a warm embrace,
With tears that fell like summer rain,
She spoke her passion all again.
They planned to leave the tyrant's hall,
To scale the guarded garden wall,
And fly wherever fate might prove
The way to freedom and to love.

But hark, what spy is dimly seen
The heavy shrubbery between?
'Twas Esther's form; 'twas Esther's tread
That swiftly to the palace sped,
And ere another day took wing,
Had told that meeting to the king.
And this is why the king sat still,
Within his heart a deadly chill,
The storm cloud gathering on his brow,
And in his soul a deadly vow
To render all their plans but vain,
And wreak upon the lovers twain
A vengeance deadly in its aim,
Of mingled suffering and shame,
Which yet the monarch dare not name;
Even to himself; not yet he knew
If Esther's tale were false or true.

Ah, if Naomi could have known
What caused that monarch's threatening frown,
As swift of foot as light gazelle,
When chased by hounds o'er hill and dell,
She would have sped that night away,
Far from her sceptered monarch's sway,
And hid herself in forest cave,
Or plunged herself in ocean wave,

And not abide that jealous ire,
That smouldered like some pent up fire,
Within the deep volcano's breast,
Whose lava tides now ebb and flow
The crested crater far below,
Till sudden frenzy hurls on high
Fire, smoke and ashes to the sky,
And all that touch it scorch and die.

The music's soft and melting strains,
Cooled not the monarch's fevered veins;
Nor could he longer brook delay,
Or boiling tide of anger stay;
He sent for Joseph; Joseph came,
Then loud he called Naomi's name;
The trembling lovers, side by side,
Must now their dreadful fate abide,
Pronounced by him whose humbled pride
Would spare them naught of shame or pain,
E'er dreamed by fever maddened brain.

Beside the monarch Esther stood,
Revenge ran riot in her blood;
Within her eyes a spark of fire
Gave token of her jealous ire;
She offered there the tale to prove
Of Joseph's and Naomi's love;
Naomi's tears and Joseph's vows,
The warm embrace that love allows,
The clinging kiss, and last of all,
The plan to flee the royal hall.

Then swift Naomi made reply,
With heightened cheek and flashing eye;
"Your Esther speaks the truth, my lord,
For rather would I brave the sword
Than utter with my living breath
A lie to save myself from death.
I loved young Joseph— do not start—
With all the ardor of my heart,
Long ere your lordship came between,

And made me an unwilling queen;
Now do your worst, come life or death,
I'll tell you with my latest breath
As long as Joseph's love remains,
I spurn the captive's silken chains,
And rather would I die, than prove
A traitress to the one I love."

Then Esther, with a haughty smile,
And heart and lips both full of guile,
Said "Pray my lord, this boon I crave,
I beg Naomi's life to save,
And ask Naomi for my slave;
With Joseph do whate'er you will—
It matters not, or good or ill."
Spoke then the king, with bitter heart,
"Naomi, Esther's slave thou art;
To do for her a menials part.
O'er thee shall Esther have full sway,
And her commands shalt thou obey;
Failing to do what she commands,
'Tis thine to suffer at her hands.
And Joseph, traitor tho' thou be,
Thy life I yet shall spare to thee,
On this condition, that thou wed
And take unto thy nuptial bed
The lowest menial of them all
That serve within my royal hall."

No choice had they; their cups o'erflow
With all the bitterness of woe.
No longer did the king delay,
The menials came in long array,
And meanest of that menial tide
The king did choose for Joseph's bride,
Stern, stalwart soldiers stood at hand,
To carry out the kings command.
Naomi saw; her heart stood still,
Her very blood grew deadly chill,
When Joseph went adown those halls,
A prisoner in the palace walls.

But Joseph recked not his fate,
Nor thought he of his menial mate,
His only care, his only thought
Was of Naomi's cruel lot;
Of all she suffered, all she bore,
Of grief and shame within the store
Of fiendish tortures womans brain
Can nurse when racked with jealous pain.
And sweet Naomi— where was she,
Thus doomed Queen Esther's slave to be?
Ah, could her Joseph then have seen
Naomi kneeling to the queen,
Her lovely shoulders stripped and bare,
While on them fell, now here, now there,
The merciless and cruel lash,
While many a stripe and many a gash,
Disfigured all that loveliness—
Then like some maddened lioness,
When hunters shaft has pierced her young,
And all her brain to madness stung,
Springs fiercely on her human foe,
And strikes him down with one fell blow—
Even thus would Joseph in his rage,
Have burst the bars of iron cage,
And swifter than the lightning stroke
Which splintering rives the mountain oak,
Have struck the queen with fatal dart,
And spent the life blood of her heart.

Three nights had passed; each night the same;
Of Joseph's grief— Naomi's shame;
When rumor took to Joseph's ear,
The tale, then recked he naught of fear,
But swift as eagles dizzying flight,
When soaring o'er some mountain height,
Within his heart the fires of hell,
He broke the gratings of his cell;
With glittering dagger strong and keen,
He sought the chamber of the queen;
Down crashed the door with deafening sound,
That waked the echoes all around,
Nor paused he there, but with one bound,

Like tiger springing on his foe,
He struck the queen a fatal blow.
Swift from her heart the life blood sped,
And dyed her robe a deeper red;
She gasped— gave one convulsive start,
The deep wound gurgled in her heart;
The death glaze gathered in her eyes,
And Esther fell, no more to rise.

He raised Naomi from the floor,
With blood stained arms, her form he bore
Swift o'er the chambers splintered door.
The wakened guards were swifter yet,
And every pass was thick beset
And every hall ablaze with light,
While rang the cries of wild affright,
And every palace sentinel
Joined in the chase with deafening yell,
Till Joseph, stumbling, tripped and fell.
Then rushed the hunters on their prey,
And seized, and bound, and led away
The captives to a separate cell,
Until tomorrows morn should tell
What fearful doom should wait upon
The judgment of King Solomon.

The morn arose serene and fair,
Sweet was the circumambient air,
And naught in Natures smiling face
Betrayed a single sign or trace
Of deeds of blood, or what a fate
The captive lovers should await.
The king sat in his robes of state,
Courtiers and guards around him sate,
While every eye and every ear,
Was strained upon the king, to hear
The sentence of the captive pair.

* * * * * * * * * * * * * * * *

Ere yet the morning sun was high,
Two captive lovers, doomed to die,
Knelt side by side; their heads were bowed,
Around them stood the pitying crowd.
The throng was hushed, there was no stir,
The fearful executioner,
Still as a statue, stood close by,
His gleaming sword upraised on high,
His gaze fixed on his monarch's eye,
To catch the signal from the king,
To let two human souls take wing.
Down fell the sword, Naomi's head,
Rolled in the dust, her spirit fled;
Again the gleaming blade flashed high,
Like lightning in a summer sky,
It fell, and Joseph's soul had flown,
Its course to join Naomi's own.

## EDUCATIONAL SPEECH DELIVERED IN WARE COUNTY, 1905

When Demosthenes was asked what were the first three requisites of a good orator, he summed them all up in one word, "Action." So if I were asked what I considered the most essential elements of a good citizen, I should answer, "Education." In the first place, in this rapid age in which we live, it is almost essential to business success. It is a dangerous thing now to hazard competition in the keen rivalries of every department of business life, in a period when brawn no longer copes with brain, and thought is winged with lightning. The men of power today are those who think, and they think best whose minds have been best trained to think. While it is true that here and there may be found some man or woman who has achieved signal success without the advantages of education, yet they are the exception, and not the rule; and that where one imperious genius has triumphed over the adverse circumstances of untutored youth, many a soul fitted for high and worthy aims, has had its aspirations crushed, and its sweet voice silenced by parental tyranny or neglect. We can readily understand the value of physical training. The oarsman, the sprinter, the pugilist must be trained until their muscles have become strong and alert to do their masters' will. And so the mind must be trained, its faculties cultivated, and expanded, if we mean to get the largest out of living.

But when I use the word "Education," I do not mean mere book learning; the pouring into the head, of historical dates, and geographical locations, and miscellaneous facts, piled up in heterogeneous and inextricable confusion. But I mean intellectual development and expansion; the quickening and enlarging of the mental powers, which enables the

trained faculties to plan railways, and conceive oceanic cables, and fits the man to better cope with man in the struggle of life.

Looked at from this utilitarian standpoint, it is an advantage which the dullest mind can comprehend. But it does more than this: By giving us clearer perceptions, it enables us to lay a well defined line of demarkation between right and wrong, and makes us better citizens, better jurors, and better statesmen. Some one has well said that the public schools are the bulwarks of our national liberties. It is there that our sons must be taught those eternal principles of truth and justice which will bear rich fruit in the halls of legislation in the years to come, and save our country from the dangers of discord and disunion to which ignorant and partisan legislation subject her. Governor Crittendon of Missouri has truly said that "Parsimony to education is liberality to crime." Then let us count no expense of education, extravagance, but let us build academies, and colleges, and universities, and fill them with teachers whose hearts, and minds are aglow with love for their chosen profession, and we shall then be "Heirs of all the ages, in the foremost files of time." No Russian despotism can then grind us beneath its iron heel, for the plowman in the field, and the delver in the mine, the operative in the factory, and the toiling millions who now support the world of idleness and luxury upon their shoulders, will rise in the majesty of an enlightened citizenship, and confound their oppressors by the exercise of an intelligent franchise. Then the passion and the prejudice, the bitterness and the hate which have so long cursed this fair land of ours, will wither beneath the burning searchlight of an enlightened public sentiment.

If there is one curse which more than another mars this splendid globe of ours, it is the curse of ignorance. It is the fruitful mother of superstition, and fanaticism, and persecution, of disease, and crime and death. It is the builder of alms houses, and asylums and penitentiaries. It caused the

Thirty Years War in Germany, it instigated the massacre of St. Bartholomew, founded the Spanish Inquisition, invented the thumbscrew and the rack, and shed the blood of thousands of the best and bravest of the human race. It lighted the grounds of Nero with burning Christians, and held the hemlock to the lips of Socrates. It shackles reason, and enthrones credulity. It worships creeds and imprisons conscience. To the ignorant man, creation is a mighty maze, and all without a plan. To the man of cultured mind, all nature is pregnant with lessons of a great First Cause. He sees a design in leaf and bud and rainbow tint, and realizes the majesty and might of a matchless designer. He treads upon the hydra head of dogma, and feels that

"For modes of faith, let graceless zealots fight,
He can't be wrong whose life is in the right."

For him the prayer of Pope in his "Universal Prayer" covers the whole ground,

"Teach me to feel another's woe,
To hide the fault I see;
That mercy I to others show,
That mercy show to me."

Education unlocks the doors of Astronomy, and walks with airy tread the star-paved path of the milky way. The educated man sees God in the moving of the mighty hosts through the vast unbosomed depths of space. In Jupiter, full orbed and magnificent, Saturn with her dusky rings, and far-off Neptune, the outpost sentinel of the solar system, so far distant that it takes eighty-four years to make one revolution around the central sun. To him these systems of suns and planets are

"Forever singing as they shine,
The hand that made us is divine."

As education advances, the world grows better. An ignorant priestcraft no longer deludes us with its foolish mummeries; astronomy takes the place of astrology, and chemistry supersedes alchemy.

It may be chimerical to look for a day of universal education in the early future, but the signs of the times give hopeful promise, and when that time shall come,

> "Then shall war-drums throb no longer,
> and the battle flags be furled
> In the parliament of man, the federation
> of the world."

"No longer, then, will be seen the beggars outstretched palm, the miser's heartless, stony stare; no longer heard the weary clanking chains of weary exiles to Siberian snows; but the development of all that is purest, and best, and noblest,— the reign of **"The Prince of Peace."**

Young men and women, let me appeal to you to make the most of the opportunities offered to you here, and bear in mind that upon you to some extent, however small, depend the stability and perpetuity of our commonwealth, and the reformation of society. Study and strive, and toil, not for the selfish greed of pelf or power, but that the world may be the better for your having lived in it. It will make you happier, and better, and worthier. You will better understand the philosophy of life, and your relation to your fellow man, and to the universe in which you live. Your intellectual horizon will be widened, your sympathies quickened, and your love for humanity deepened. You will be more tolerant in opinion, and you will learn that yours is not the only religion, yours not the only politics, yours not the only theories. You will see some good in all things, and will discover that none are altogether evil. You will not undertake to persecute your neighbor for opinions sake, but will accord to him the largest liberty of conscience and of speech. Creeds and

dogmas will lose much of their force as merely human and imperfect things; you will be willing to see some good in all religions, and will realize that all are "but rough and devious paths that man has worn with weary feet in sad and painful search for truth and peace; and that all the streams, no matter how they turn and wander, curve amid the hills and rocks, will sometime reach the sea."

It will seem entirely possible to you that the conscientious followers of Zoroaster, who worshiped the sun and stars upon the plains of Persia; the devotees of Isis and Osiris on the banks of the sluggish Nile; the worshipers of Jupiter and Juno on the vine-clad hills of Greece, and the disciples of Wodin and Thor amid boreal storms and snows, may all meet at last, and worship at the throne of one common Father. Then, when your life's temple has been completed, and the glory of life's setting sun streams down on gilded dome and glittering spire, and fluted column, and Corinthian capital, laying down the chisel and the mallet from tired hands, in the twilight shadows of life's closing day, you may retire to rest, "Like one who wraps the drapery of his couch about him, and lies down to pleasant dreams."

## FAREWELL POEM TO THE STUDENTS OF MILAN COLLEGE, TENNESSEE

First Published in the Louisville, Ky. Courier-Journal

1

These delicate tokens from pupil to teacher,
Speak more of affection than poem or song;
There's a voice in the exquisite language of Nature,
More potent by far than the art of the tongue.
The delicate cedar with violets twining,
"Here's an emerald pledge of my constancy," saith,
While the rose on the breast of the lily reclining,
Is a whisper of love on the bosom of faith.
Oh thus may our friendship, thro' sunshine and shower,
Be as changeless and bright as the cedar and rose,
As fair as the lily, the fairest of flowers,
And trusting like it in its gentle repose.

2

Ay, friends let us be, as the friends we are parting,
The years may be long ere I'll meet you again;
On a wide severed pathway our vessels are starting,
To be rocked on the waves of a wreck covered main;
But tho' the last rays of the daylight, declining,
Shall sink from my gaze in the darkness of gloom;
Tho' the tremulous starlight of hope may cease shining,
And my barque may, unguided, drift on to its doom;
Yet far o'er the watery waste of the billow,
Your mem'ries shall flash into beauty and bloom,
And breathing a moment a balm on my pillow,
Shall shed on the tempest their richest perfume.

'Tis not mine to pursue where your young hopes
are straying,
Or gaze on the castles that brighten your dreams;
No seer may reveal what the future's arraying,
To darken with shadows the sunshine it seems;
But be it each lot that the green arbor-vitae
Of hope may hang over lifes stream to its goal;
And roses of love kiss the pure crystal waters
To sweeten the tide of your years as they roll.
And when age, with a step like the pulse of the
midnight,
Treads swiftly and soft on the heels of the hours,
In the last fading glow of a beautiful twilight,
May your lives pass away like the breath of the
flowers.

## MEMORIAL ADDRESS

### Delivered in Sylvania, April 26, 1910

A minature Mosaic Palace of beautiful thought from various authors

The patriotic ladies in charge of the ceremonies of today made every reasonable effort to secure a suitable orator for this occasion, and when all their attempts had met with failure, they asked me only a few days ago to say something to fill in this vacancy in their program. Their request came at a peculiarly inopportune time, just on the eve of our school commencement, when my hands were full of preparation for our closing exercises. But appreciating their loyalty to the cause which we have met to honor, and feeling that some one ought to respond to their call, I am here to represent them today: Not to make a finished and polished memorial address, but merely to acknowledge their compliment to me, which however late, is not unappreciated, and as the son of a southern soldier, to show my love and veneration for the "Lost Cause," and the veterans who surrendered their all to defend it. Therefore, I promise you that I shall detain you for the briefest possible time.

It boots not to enter upon a prolix discussion of the causes which led up to the Civil War, nor to recapitulate the story of its bloodshed and its suffering. Its history is familiar to us all. "*After a four years conflict, when soldiers stood eye to eye, and hilt to hilt; a conflict in which every step was a battle field, and every battle field a grave yard; where on one side the Stars and Stripes waved in triumph, and on another the Stars and Bars

*Gen. Wm. B. Bate.

answered with the shouts of victory; when the battle axe of the Crusader was met by the magic blade of the Saracen; and when the last arrow from his quiver was spent, and last shot from his locker gone, grasping with one mangled hand his broken blade, as he held up with the other his battered shield, with Manassas and Shiloh and Chickamauga imprinted upon it, what must be our admiration for the gallant Confederate hero?" "**I need not present you the dark and bloody picture, to awaken your love and your admiration for their heroism and their devotion. I need not recall those who formed that glittering line of bayonets on Maryes burnng hill; who met the red storm of blood and fire at Chancellorsville; who stepped like bridegrooms to a marriage feast up the stony ridge at Gettysburg, and meeting foemen worthy of their steel, fell back like the sullen roar of broken waters. I need not recall those noble spirits who drew their expiring breath in the mortal trenches at Petersburg, or who bore their wasted forms and looked for the last time on earth on the bleak hills of Appomattox. Human history from the beginning has failed to furnish a brighter example of all the devoted qualities of solders duty than was daily exhibited in the army of the South. The world yet listens as we tell of their dauntless courage, and impetuous charge: Their names are written on the hearts of their countrymen; their deeds are a priceless heritage to our children, and will be cherished as long as men worship truth, or women love the brave." "†The restless tide of humanity will rush hither and thither over the land of battles. The ages will sweep on, and rift the hills, and roll the waters, flash the lightnings, weigh the sun. The white sails of commerce thicken on our rivers, and the smoke of increasing factories blacken our skies. Mountains will pour forth their treasures, and the fields will glow in the garniture of richer

---

**Matt W. Ransom. †John W. Daniel.

harvests. New stars will cluster on the flag, and the sons of the South will bear it as their fathers bore it to make the bounds of freedom wider yet. But no greater souls will rise than those who find rest under Southern sod, from Sumter's battered wall to the trailing vines of Hollywood." "‡They sleep all over our southern land. The sweet winding Etowah shall hymn their requiem as long as the Iron Mountain around whose base she pours her waters shall remain. The great Father of Waters shall mingle his hoarse deep dirges with the tolling bells of floating steamers, while commerce shall gather the rich fruits of her labors. And Georgia, unrivaled mother, holds them all over her broad bosom, richer in them than India with her treasures, and prouder than Egypt, lifting her changeless pyramids to the skies."

"†‡We have no painted porch like that of Athens, where for half a thousand years, the descendants of the men who followed Miltiades to victory might trace the glories of her Marathon; no grand historic Abbey like that of England, where hard by the last resting places of her princes and her kings, sleep the great soldiers who have writ glorious names high upon their country's roll with the point of their stainless swords. Only the frosty stars at night keep solemn watch and ward over the wind-swept graves of those who from Virginia to Texas, yielded up their lives that they might transmit to their children the memory of their fathers." Yet we have a land rich in the memory of heroic men, and prolific in daring deeds. "*Not all the rain that falls upon the Alleghanys side; not the swift tides that swell the banks of the Potomac, the Savannah or the Mississippi can wash away from our hearts the memories of the precious blood that cruel warfare shed. Nor mountains hide from sorrowing eyes those grave yard highways that stretch across our land,"

---

‡Benjamin H. Hill. †‡W. Gordon McCabe. *Henry May.

"Where every turf beneath our feet,
Hath been a soldiers sepulchre."

"**A land without ruins is a land without memories; a land without memories is a land without liberty. A land that wears a laurel crown may be fair to see, but twine a few sad cypress leaves around the brow of any land, and be that land beautiless and bleak, it becomes lovely in its consecrated coronet of sorrow, and it wins the sympathy of the heart and history. Crowns of roses fade, but crowns of thorns endure. Calvaries and crucifixes take deepest hold of humanity—the triumphs of might are transient, they pass away and are forgotten—the sufferings of right are graven deepest on the chronicles of nations.

"Yes, give me a land where the ruins are spread,
And the living tread light on the hearts of the dead;
Yes, give me a land that is blest by the dust,
And bright with the deeds of the down-trodden just;
Yes, give me the land that hath legends and lays,
Enshrining the mem'ries of long vanished days;
Yes, give me the land that hath story and song,
To tell of the strife of the right with the wrong.
Yes, give me the land with a grave in each spot,
And names in the graves that shall not be forgot;
Yes, give me the land of the wreck and the tomb—
There's a grandeur in graves—there's a glory in gloom;
For out of the gloom future brightness is born,
As after the night looms the sunlight of morn;
And the graves of the dead, with the grass overgrown,
Shall yet be the footstool of Liberty's throne;
And each single wreck in the war-path of Might
Shall yet be a rock in the Temple of Right."

---

**Alexander H. Stephens.

"†In view of such patriotism to inspire, such heroism to praise, and such love to sanctify, shall we fail to honor them who wore the Gray because their cause went down in the dust of defeat? Shall we not rather love them more, and the land which gave them birth? If Scotland's plaided soldier finds music in his bagpipe, if the son of Tell winds his mellow horn in patriotic pride, if the Frenchman goes wild over his Marseillaise, if "Hail Columbia" excites American patriotism, may we not glory in the soft and melancholy cadence of "Maryland, My Maryland," and worship the genius that inspired "The Land of Dixie?" May we not look back too, with purest emotions, and remember with sweetest and sadest affections the cross of St. Andrew, with its stars and bars, as it waved in triumph over a hundred battle fields, and was baptized in the best blood of the land, ere it became the "Conquered Banner?" My comrades, we owe it to the heroic dead who fell under that banner and in that cause to show the world our appreciation of their valor and patriotism by votive offerings from the hands of our fair women, great in their weakness, noble in their charity, beautiful in their patience, and whose devotion at the cross and sephulchre was but an earnest of their high and holy mission. If by some mystic means the spirit land could commune with the natural world, and let the spiritual eye of the dead Confederate soldier look down upon each annual Memorial day, and see the same soft hands that tied the ribbon and pinned the rosette in days of hope and enthusiasm, place the wreath of honor around the little white board at the head of his grave, and plant the flower cross above the heart so still and cold, it would inspire a shout of triumph, and a song of praise in an angel choir known to blessed immortality. There is a tenderer touch of sympathy, a sweeter fragrance, and a brighter hue of beauty thrown around the

†Gen. Wm. B. Bate.

memory of our dear departed by the offerings of sweet April flowers, than wealth or power ever gave to the loved and lost. There is more of hope of the Life Eternal in spreading upon the unostentatious graves of our soldiers these simple offerings of nature, than is found in the censer bowl of the king, or around the gilded altars of the proud and great. There is more of tender history entwined in flower wreaths, and made to glow in unblushing beauty upon her truthful pages, than was ever wrought by the chisel of Praxiteles. It is the heart throbs which build strongest and most touching monuments, and write the truest and sweetest history of our patriot dead. The one stands in its granite strength and massive symmetry, suggestive of culture, and challenging admiration; the other is the simple tribute of the heart, furnished by the hand of Nature from her own genial bosom, and strewn over the consecrated spot by the ministering angels of beauty and of love. The marble with its resistive power, may stand the sunshine and the storm; but it is cold and passionless, it utters no prayers of devotion, it sheds no tears of sorrow, it sings no songs of love."

Then let us continue from year to year to scatter floral offerings upon the graves of our loved and lost. Though no grateful government has gathered their bones into magnificent cemeteries, adorned with all that wealth can command, or taste suggest to beautify those cities of the dead; though thousands of them sleep far away from the homes of their childhood, in the deep bosom of the forest where human footsteps rarely tread; and where the birds of the wildwood sing their morning and evening hymn above their unrecorded graves; though no monumental marble stands sentinel at the spot where they sleep, and no ancestral oaks throw their welcome shadows over their heroic dust; yet we can meet to offer tribute to their memories, and say from our heart of hearts,

"Rest on, embalmed and sainted dead,
Dear as the blood ye gave;
No impious footsteps here shall tread
The herbage of your grave.
Nor shall your valor be forgot
While Fame her record keeps,
Or Honor points the hallowed spot
Where Valor proudly sleeps.
Nor wreck, nor change, nor winters blight,
Nor Times remorseless doom,
Shall dim one ray of holy light
That gilds your glorious tomb."

"*Old men of the Conquered South—I salute you reverently: You were a part of the past glory of the South—you shared her downfall. Your work was not in vain. Confederate bonds, wherein your fortunes took their flight, will forever be worthless on the stock exchange, but they will pass current in Heaven; they will be redeemed when the Great Cashier of human accounts reads upon them the signature of your patriotism, their makers—your self sacrifice and your valor, their endorsers. Your wisdom is your country's pride, your virtue is her glory: Serene be the evening of your days, and hopeful.

"For age is opportunity no less
Than youth itself, tho' in another dress;
And as the evening twilight fades away,
The sky is filled with stars, invisible by day."

Women of the Conquered South, God bless you. Two traits conspicuous and pre-eminent have ever characterized the Saxon race; firm adherence to the right of local government, "home rule;" reverence for woman, the chief of all "home rulers." Let these traits be cherished. Let no man forget that, of all the altars of religion ever reared, whether under the dome of St. Peters, or the spire of St. Pauls, there is no shrine of God so sacred as the mothers knee; that of all the schools, academies and

*John W. Daniel.

universities that open their doors to learning, there can be none whose light so fructifies the mind or kindles the heart, as that which radiates from the hearthstone of home. The drum and trumpet histories of the world have no place for you; in the sequestered vales of life your mission lies. And long may the sons of the South revere and guard its mothers and its daughters.

Young men of the Conquered South; imitating the example of your fathers, but not repeating their acts, breathe the spirit of the advancing age in which you live; yet clinging to home right, town right, county right, state right, country right—yet clinging to those essential principles of freedom which died not in England when Harold fell at Senlac, nor died yet in America when Lee sheathed his sword at Appomattox."

In conclusion: The war is over, and we shall not have to fight it again. The seven millions of negro slaves have been freed; but in their places more than seven millions of white slaves, men women, and children are toiling in the sweat shops of the great cities, and eking out a miserable existence under the tyranny of a worse foe than any civilized army. We are not called upon to fight again with the bayonet, but a bloodless battle at the ballot-box. A united country must wage a relentless war against a common foe of all sections—the subsidized courts and congresses of an organized and merciless plutocracy. As soldiers of the common good, our country is calling for volunteers, and I urge that you enlist without hesitation or selfish consideration on the side of civic righteousness. We have brave leaders in the North, like LaFollette of Wisconsin, and Hughes of New York, and God speed the day when men such as these, regardless of section or party name, shall sweep out of office those who would fasten the chains forged by the greed and graft of heartless monoply upon the toiling millions of our country.

I thank you one and all, for this opportunity to address you, and for your kind attention.

## TO THE CONFEDERATE VETERANS

Delivered in Sylvania, April 26, 1912

1

A sad anniversary calls you
To another reunion today,
And a half of a century's winters
Have thinned out the heroes in Gray.
With faltering footstep, and feeble,
A broken procession I see,
All weary from marches and battles—
Those left of the soldiers of Lee.

2

No militant music invites you
To the bayonets charge in the fray;
No reveille call of the bugle
Awakes the old soldier today;
But a solemn and sad re-assembling
Of those whom the Southland reveres,
To honor the dead with our service,
And to sprinkle their graves with our tears.

3

What they did for their country is written
In the blood which they shed for her sake,
At Gettysburg, Shiloh, Manassas,
By mountain and river and brake.
Chickamauga keeps watch o'er their ashes,
And Kennesaw Mountain will keep
A watch and a ward o'er the heroes
Who lie on their bosoms asleep.

4

While the crest of the Cumberland mingles
With the blue and the gold of the skies;
While the Etowah sings to the forest,
And the echoing forest replies;
While Potomac rolls on to the ocean,
And Chesapeake kisses the sea,
The world will remember and honor
The soldiers of Jackson and Lee.

5

Let them sleep—but they sleep unforgotten,
Though their names be obscure and unknown;
Though the forest may hide them forever,
And their graves be unmarked with a stone;
They fought a good fight, and tho' vanquished,
They fell in the midst of the fray,
With the "Stars and the Bars" floating o'er them,
And wrapped in Confederate Gray.

6

Oh, heroes of bloody Manassas—
Oh, spirits of Gettysburg's heights—
Who felt the hot breath of the cannon,
When the carnage rushed red on your sight—
From Virginia to Texas, soft flowers
Are falling above you today,
And the tears of fair women bedew them,
As sweet as the dew-drops in May.

7

And you, ye intrepid survivors,
Whose forms are now stooping with years;
Whose locks many winters have whitened
With the snows of their sorrows and tears;
You too must soon go to the bivouac
Where only the sentinel stars
Keep watch o'er the camp of your comrades
Who fought neath the "Stars and the Bars."

8

And yet you shall not be forgotten,
Nor your mem'ry sleep in the tomb;
As oft as the flowers of April
Shall burst into beauty and bloom,
Fond hearts shall assemble to honor
The soldiers who greet us today,
When the summons has called the last hero
Who wore the Confederate Gray.

J. C. LANGSTON.

## MEMORIAL RESPONSE

### Delivered in Sylvania, April 26, 1911

Mr. President, Ladies and Gentlemen, and heroes of the sixties:

Again I have been honored by an invitation to say something on the occasion of this annual anniversary, and this time in the way of a response in behalf of these assembled veterans of "The Lost Cause."

I shall not enter into a long eulogium upon Southern patriotism, and heroism, and devotion to conviction, nor into a history of the causes of the war, and a defense of the principles for which our heroes fought and fell. This has been done so often and so eloquently here and elsewhere in the South, that anything which I might say now would be but tedious repetition. There is, however, one argument of the victorious party upon which they base their strongest claim to right, which I will refute with all the energy of my mind and soul—and that is the claim that the issue was decided by the God of Hosts and, therefore, that their cause was right, and ours was wrong.

If history proves anything, it proves that in this world, might triumphs oftener than right, and that victory is usually perched upon the banner of the biggest cannon and the strongest numbers. This is not the first time in human history that a righteous cause was overwhelmed by superior force, and the flag of Truth, and Liberty, went down in the dust and defeat. Let your minds travel back to that sad day in the annals of Poland, when the ruthless hand of Russia, and the other cormorant powers of Europe dismembered the bleeding body of that little kingdom.

"Oh, bloodiest picture in the book of Time—
Sarmatia fell unwept, without a crime;
Hope for a season bade the world farewell,
And freedom shrieked when Kosciusko fell."

Look at the invading hosts of the Spaniards in the Netherlands, and see the liberties and lives of men, women and children crushed out under the iron heel of the bloody Duke of Alva.

Read the infamous atrocities of Catherine de Medici, at the massacre of St. Bartholomew, when the light of French Protestantism was quenched in the blood of the Huguenots, and see how the liberties of France for hundreds of years were manacled by the bigotry, fanaticism and persecution of Roman Catholicism.

The most casual glance at the pages of history will convince the most superficial mind that truth and justice do not always triumph, in the affairs of men, and that the mere issue of the contest can never prove the right.

Therefore, we yet hold fast to the principles for for which we fought. Accepting our defeat as final and inevitable, and still believing that we were right; still cherishing the memory of those who fell, as soldiers who died in the defense of liberty, and ranking our leaders as patriots alongside Sobieski, and Kosciusko, and Garidaldi, and William Tell.

Therefore we shall continue with tender affection to celebrate this April anniversary, to show our appreciation of our living heroes, and our reverence for the dead.

And you, ye loyal daughters of patriotic sires, in thus commemorating the valor and heroism of our southern soldiery, you not only place the floral wreaths of benediction upon the graves of the dead, but like the vestal virgins of old, help to keep alive within the sanctuary of our hearts the light of sacred fires. There is no influence so sweet and ennobling to the heart of man as the appreciation of pure and noble women. Your sympathy, your

devotion and your love is not only an inspiration to deeds of heroic daring, but when the carnage of battle is over, and the "muffled drums sad roll has beat the soldiers last tattoo" your tears fall like a soothing balm upon the crushed hopes and burning scars of the soldiers who survive.

In behalf, then, of this surviving remnant of the Confederate army, who fought their country's fight so well, and who will soon go to join their comrades beyond the silent river, I extend you thanks for every tribute of your grief and love. Soon, ah, too soon, the last bowed form and tottering step shall go to that eternal bivouac which knows no bugle reveille.

The summer flowers shall bloom and fade, the autumn leaves will turn to gold, and winter whirl and drift her snow above their dreamless sleep. Yet while the years shall wax and wane, and changing seasons come and go, cease not at each returning spring to meet, and place your tributes on their tombs.

Spirits of our departed veterans; you have gone to your final sleep with a peoples benedictions upon your names. We no longer fire a salute over your dust, but as often as we meet to do honor to your memory, the pulses of our hearts beat like muffled drums, and every deep drawn sigh breathes a low and passionate requiem. Memory will keep her guard over your graves; Love will bedew them with your tears; Faith will draw from them her inspiration for future sacrifices; and Hope, kindling her touch at the fires which glow in your ashes, will, in its light, look forward to a day when the whole world will confess that your death was not in vain.

## FANATICISM

Ignorance and fanaticism go hand in hand. The man who reasons, thinks, investigates and explores, can never become a fanatic. The more honest the fanatic is, the more dangerous he is. His purposes may be good, and his intentions honest. But some one has very truly said, "Goodness is often but another name for density, and mistaken honesty has caused more ennui and suicide than violent mendacity."

It was fanaticism that imprisoned Galileo and held the hemlock to his lips, because he taught a creed antagonistic to the polytheistic religion of his time. It was fanaticism that nailed the Christ to the cross because he preached what was heretical in the sight of an ignorant and barbaric race. It was fanaticism that burned Servetus at the stake, and sent to death Gordiano Bruno, one of the best and bravest of the human race. Fanaticism that instigated Peter the Hermit to raise an army of one hundred thousand children to rescue the Holy Land from the hands of the Moslems, and whose whitened bones were left on every plain from France to Palestine. It was the author of the Spanish Inquisition, the mother of the Massacre of St. Bartholomew, and the cause of the Thirty Years War in Germany. It has banished and ostracised and persecuted and imprisoned and murdered. It invented the rack and the thumbscrew; it has whetted the sword and lighted the fagot; it has torn out the tongues, burned out the eyes, and racked the limbs of heretics. It tortured for the sake of opinion.

The thoughtful student of history cannot but be impressed with the truth of these statements, and with the incalculable harm caused by the intolerance and the dogmatism of mad and unreasoning zealots. This is what precipitated the Civil War in our own country. The fanaticism of Harriet Beecher Stowe,

and Joshua R. Giddings and Sumner, and other tall and stately criminals of the North hurled the two sections into an internecine war which cost billions of money and thousands of lives.

The progress of the world to intellectual freedom has been slow and painful; the victories of mental liberty have been won at a fearful cost. But we have steadily progressed, in spite of superstition. One hundred thousand martyrs suffered death at the stake for the impossible crime of witchcraft, but we have quit burning them now. A religious test is no longer a qualification for the elective franchise, and instead of the oath, which is nothing but a relic of mediaeval barbarism, a simple affirmation is all that is required of a witness. In spite of the denunciations of the pulpit, and the threats of hell-fire everlasting, people have begun to think for themselves, and to question the fiat of priests and dogmatists. Even a universalist, who entertains a merciful idea of God is now tolerated in good society, and a man may doubt that Baalams ass actually spoke, and still not be sent to jail. We are growing intellectually. There is decidedly less of fanaticism than there used to be. There are about five hundred different religions in the world, some of which are very old and which have hundreds of millions of devotees, and the man who has a sane idea of God is now perfectly willing to admit the possibility that all these countless millions who differ from him upon a question of which the wisest know nothing, may escape the tortures of eternal damnation.

Just a few years ago, the people of the United States actually became tolerant enough to allow a Unitarian, William H. Taft, to be President of the United States, and to elect a Unitarian Chaplain to Congress. Of course this was a source of untold agony to those who insisted upon the mathematics of the Trinity, but it was a great step forward. It determined this fact, that the great body of the people of the United States believed that in matters of religion the individual conscience should be free,

and that the doctrine of "Separation of Church and State" was not a meaningless platitude.

The public schools of our commonwealth are no longer dominated by sectarian bigotry, and all the great Universities of the country elect their professors without regard to their religious convictions. The days of fanaticism are numbered. It prevails now only in the rural "deestricts" and in the isolated villages, where the traditional "hell-fire" preacher thunders his antiquated denunciations. We no longer burn martyrs at the stake, and quarrel as did the mediaeval saints about "How many angels can stand on the point of a needle." In fact, we are not much concerned about "angels" nowadays, but about motor cars, and wireless telegraphy, and aeroplanes, and hygiene and sanitation, and everything that goes to make the world happier and brighter and better. We are rapidly getting to understand the truth of Pope's lines,

"For modes of faith let graceless zealots fight,
He can't be wrong whose life is in the right."

We are learning the lesson that the garnered experience of countless centuries teaches us that "He loads the dice against himself, who scores a point against the right." The world, at least the civilized world, has practically agreed upon a code of morals, and there is little room for the fanatic. God hasten the day when the land that "knows him now, shall know him no more forever."

## SUPERSTITION

Whence came our ideas of the supernatural? Whence our ideas of gods and ghosts, and devils, and witches? These are questions that we cannot answer. They were probably born in the cradle of the human race, when man was a primeval savage, living in caves, clad in skins, and eating the flesh of wild beasts raw. Go back as far as we may, we find that these notions always obtained. Mystery, miracle, incantation, magic, sorcery and witchcraft seemed to be the inheritance of the human race. Every nation has its gods and devils, and we have them still. The ancient Egyptians worshiped Isis and Osiris, but they have long since become as lifeless as the shrouded mummies within their granite pyramids. Greece and Rome paid homage to twelve great gods, who dwelt upon Mount Olympus, and feasted upon ambrosia, while their devil Pluto dwelt within the shadowy confines of the infernal regions. Nymphs and dryads and naiads danced in every forest, and swam in every stream. Our ancient Celtic ancestors knelt to Wodin and Thor, who waged fierce battles with mighty giants of frost and snow. But Jupiter no longer hurls his thunderbolts, and Juno lives only in poetic simile. "The giant Emir long ago strode from the icy halls of the North, and Thor no longer smites the mountains with steel glove and glittering hammer."

But the supernatural did not die with the death of these ancient peoples. Sir Thomas More, the author of Utopia, believed in witchcraft, and John Wesley was a firm believer in ghosts. Sir Matthew Hale, the eminent English lawyer and jurist, sentenced a woman to be hanged for causing children to vomit crooked pins. She was convicted of witchcraft, was executed, and her body was burned. Pope Innocent the Third issued a bull directing inquisitors to be diligent in searching out and punishing those guilty of witchcraft. Popes Alexander, Leo, and Adrian issued bulls to the same effect.

For two hundred and fifty years the world was busy burning witches. The Protestants were as active as the Catholics. One hundred thousand people were executed in one year in the diocese of Como. One hundred thousand were put to death in one year in Germany alone. Thirty thousand persons suffered death in England for this impossible crime. The last act against witchcraft in England was passed when Lord Bacon was a member of Parliament. Sir William Blackstone, the great English commentator on English law, insisted upon the existence of witchcraft.

Martin Luther believed that the devil could beget children, and claimed that he himself once came in contact with one of these children. He advised the child's mother to throw the infant into the river, in order to free her home from the presence of the devil. In 1692, nineteen persons were executed in Salem, Massachusetts, for witchcraft. As late as 1815, Belgium was disgraced by a "witch trial." In 1836, within the memory of many people now living, near Dantzic, a sorceress was plunged into the sea. The poor woman persisted in rising to the surface, and she was therefore adjudged guilty, and beaten to death.

During those days, a belief in lycanthropy was prevalent; that is, that some people had the power of changing themselves into wolves. A man was bitten by a wolf. He succeeded in cutting off one of the wolf's paws. Upon his arrival at home, he discovered that his wife had lost one of her hands. When he took the wolf's paw out of his pocket, he discovered that it had changed to a human hand; whereupon his wife was tried for lycanthropy, convicted, and executed.

In New England a woman was charged with changing herself into a fox. A committee was chosen to examine her body for "witch spots;" these were spots where a pin could be thrust into the flesh without causing pain. The committee reported that such spots had been found upon her person, and she was convicted and executed.

Nor were people alone supposed to be guilty of these crimes. A hog and her pigs had partially eaten a child. These animals were tried for demoniacal possession, and while the hog was convicted, the pigs were acquitted. In 1740, a cow was accused of being possessed by a devil. She was tried, convicted, and put to death. At Basle, in 1740, a rooster was tried for laying an egg. Rooster eggs were supposed to be used for the purpose of making witch ointment. The rooster was solemnly tried, convicted, and burned in the public square.

We look back upon these superstitions with a smile of derision; and yet this twentieth century of automobiles, telephones, wireless telegraph, and aeroplanes, is not free altogether from the superstition and the credulity of those crude and barbaric times. It is probable that none but the densely ignorant now believe in "haunts," "ghosts," "hobgoblins," and "boodaddles." The man who makes any pretensions to intelligence, knows that people are not "possessed by evil spirits," which can be driven out by sorceries and incantations, but by erysipelas, and epilepsy, and fever, and other natural diseases, and he applies to a physician for scientific treatment, instead of resorting to magic rites and ceremonies; but there are very many people yet, who still cherish the idea that Friday is a day of bad luck, that thirteen is an unlucky number, and that the cry of the screech-owl is an evil omen—a presage of approaching death. This goes to show how deep-seated is the influence of heredity. These old superstitions have been handed down from generation to generation, until they have become almost a heritage of the human race. The nursery stories cling with wonderful tenacity, in spite even of college training. Many of us are still inclined to believe in dreams, which depend not upon demoniac visitation, threatening coming evil, but upon the amount of mince pie we have eaten for supper, or upon some derangement of the nervous system.

Will the human mind ever be able to completely free itself from these ghosts of a buried past?

## A DREAM OF THE AUSTRO-SERVIAN WAR

By John C. Langston

1

"When the war-drums throb no longer, and the battle-flags are furled
In the parliament of man, the federation of the world;"
Thus I read in Locksley Hall, from thrall of war a sweet release,
And I fell asleep a dreaming of a universal peace.

2

In my dream I saw the cannon torn from frowning battlements,
And the sword and bayonet moulded into peaceful implements;
All the Dreadnoughts of our navies, riding thro' the ocean gales,
Changed to argosies of commerce, filled with piles of costly bales.

3

But a change came o'er my vision; darkness veiled the scene from sight;
Then the darkness slowly reddened to a glow of lurid light;
Hark—I hear the cannon thunder from its grim and gory lips,
And again I see the war-flag hoisted on the battle-ships.

4

Lo; I see the marching millions of the armies of the world,
Hear the war-drum's mighty throbbing—see the battle-flags unfurled;
Nation warring against nation with the sword and bayonet,
While the rivers turn to crimson, and the earth with gore is wet.

5

Again Marengo's bloody field is shaken by the nations tread,
And again the field of Jena piled with thousands of the dead;
Again at gory Austerlitz, the smoke the sun shines dimly through,
Again the charging of the squadrons shakes the plain of Waterloo.

6

The vision of the flame and death upon my sight runs bloody red—
God of mercy, draw the curtain on the dying and the dead;
Furl the crimson flag of murder, let the white flag wave again,
Speaking brother love to nations—"Peace on earth, good will to men."

## SPEECH INTRODUCING WILLIAM JENNINGS BRYAN

Ladies and Gentlemen:

History produces but few really great men within a generation. Men who stand head and shoulders above their fellowmen, as some great tree aflame with life stands rapt and sublime above its heedless fellows. Patriots, who like William Pitt of England, disdained the voice of popular clamor, and followed the dictates of conscience and of duty, when he took the side of the oppressed American Colonies of Great Britain, and proclaimed the injustice of "Taxation Without Representation." Patriots like William C. Pinckney of South Carolina, who said, "Millions for defense, but not one cent for tribute."

Patriots like Benjamin H. Hill of Georgia, who lived,

"The applause of listening senates to command;
The threats of pain and ruin to despise;
To shed a glory on his native land,
And read his history in a nations eyes."

Patriots like William J. Bryan of Nebraska, who thundered that immortal declaration to the myrmidons of the Wall Street interests, "You shall not crucify mankind upon a cross of gold."

Politicians are as plentiful "As the leaves in Vallambrosa;" statesmen as rare as epic poets. The one dares not act until he has sounded public sentiment; the other acts in obedience to the voice of conscience and of duty, and molds public sentiment.

In this age of greed and graft and commercialism, unrivaled since the days of the Caesars; when the trusts subsidize our congress, and throttle the will of millions; when special interests buy seats for United States senators, to shackle our people, and paralyze our liberties; when a syndicate of pluocrats is threatening us with a tyranny worse than any threatened by George the Third; it is an inspiring and a glorious sight to see a tribune of the common people, advocating civic righteousness for the nation, rise up from the mass of political putrefaction around him,

"As some tall cliff that rears its awful form,
Swells from the vale, and midway leaves the storm,
Tho' round its base the rolling clouds are spread,
Eternal sunshine settled on its head."

Such is the man whom I have the honor to introduce to you today. Possibly he is familiarly known to more people as the champion of "Free Silver." But he is far more than that. He is the champion of "Equal rights to all, special privileges to none." He is the foe of monopolies, of illegitimate trusts, of subsidized courts and congresses, and of the most infamous tariff law the world has ever known. Like Alexander H. Stephens of Georgia, he is "The Great Commoner."

I now have the pleasure and the honor of introducing to you the peerless orator, the matchless statesman, and the thrice national standard-bearer of Democracy, the Hon. William Jennings Bryan of Nebraska.

## ADDRESS OF WELCOME

## TO THE SAVANNAH AUTOMOBILE CLUB

### Delivered in Sylvania, 1911

Ladies and Gentlemen:

It is not only a pleasure, but a distinguished privilege to welcome to our little city this large and representative gathering. The sight of so many lovely women and splendid men from our magnificent city of Savannah, as well as from other towns in Georgia, and some from beyond the confines of our state, mingling with us as guests, and stimulating our people to a higher appreciation of the facilities of easy and rapid communication, is inspirational in the highest degree. Baalam's historic vehicle of transportation, and the wonderful "one horse shay" made famous by Oliver Wendell Holmes, are the things of the ancient past, and we welcome the advent of more inviting means of transportation. As representatives of this better system, which is heralded by the rush and roar of the modern automobile, we extend to you the glad hand of our sympathy, our cordial co-operation, and the warmest hospitality we have at our command.

There is no people on earth whom we delight to honor more than the people of Savannah. A city famous for its beauty, for its historic memories, for the chivalry of its men, and the loveliness of its women. A city which is liberal towards its educational institutions, progressive in its policies, and whose credit is unimpeachable. A municipality which stands without a peer as a port on the South Atlantic Seaboard, the greatest naval stores market in the world, the second greatest cotton market, and where bank failures are never known. A city to which we are already linked in business

by two railroads, and whose ties will be yet closer drawn by the highway which you have so graciously accepted for this run.

As president of the Optimist Club of Sylvania, I must not be accused of boastfulness when I say that this young and not financially strong institution was the first to take steps looking towards securing this national highway, and to appeal for help to you.

Composed largely of men in salaried positions, without the stimulus of selfish interests as represented in real estate and other property, we made an earnest appeal to you. Looking with prophetic eye into the future, we saw the tremendous advantage of a great permanent highway through our town and county, and the splendid advertisement it would be to us through the throngs of financiers and tourists who would pass over this road from North to South and back again. We appreciate your philanthropic spirit in giving us this opportunity, in spite of its obvious and confessed disadvantages, and we pledge you our best efforts before the December run, to make a paved road that shall match the splendid highways of ancient Rome, and cause our rivals for this honor to withdraw from the field, and leave to us and to our posterity for all time to come, the possession of this thoroughfare so auspiciously entered upon today.

Again I thank you in behalf of the Optimist Club, the City of Sylvania, and the County of Screven.

## WHY?

We ask the question, all in vain,
Why thus create a world of pain?
Where sin and sorrow, grief and death,
Are comrades of each fleeting breath;
Where famine's cold and fever's heat
Arrest the bosom's pulsing beat;
And want, and crime, and foul disease
Fill all the world—say, why are these?
Why no almighty force displayed
To stay the dark assassin's blade?
Why tear the infant from the breast
Of her who bore it, and caressed,
And deaf to all her love and care,
Heed not her agonizing prayer?
Why fill the world with fools and knaves,
Fanatics, madmen, tyrants, slaves?
Why should the truth be trampled down,
And error wear a golden crown?
Why yet withhold the longed-for light,
And leave us groping in the night?
Why fill the world with want and woe?
Canst tell us, God, why is it so?

Whoever made this mortal frame,
And breathed within the vital flame,
Must sometime right each cruel wrong,
And every groan must turn to song,
And peace for all, his mercy prove,
Else God is not a God of love.
To suffer here, and then in hell,
The tortures mad fanantics tell,
Would make the Godhead too unjust
For aught but fools or slaves to trust;
'Twere better that we ne'er had birth,
Nor came upon our mother earth;
That thou hadst left us—far more just—
Asleep within the unconscious dust,

A part of the insensate clod,
An atom of the soulless sod,
Beneath the whisper of the pines,
Or under forests tangled vines,
A grain of sand on granite hill,
Where falls the sunlight, warm and still,
And not a grief, and not a care
Should mar our dreamless slumber there.

Perhaps—who knows? we all shall take
A sleep from which we'll never wake;
A dreamless sleep beneath the sod,
Where natures universal God,
Than man more wise, than man more just,
Shall give us back—"Dust unto Dust".

## SPEECH DELIVERED AT SCHOOL RALLY AT NEWINGTON, 1911

Ladies and Gentlemen:

In behalf of the teachers and pupils, I desire to express to the Board of Education our appreciation of their kindness, as manifested by their giving us this day of festivity and recreation from the routine of daily work, and in their generous gift of medals to stimulate the oratorical talent of the boys of our country. It is a worthy and judicious step, and I trust that it may go far towards inspiring the pupils of our public schools to cultivate the power of expression, and the magic of oratory, now so much neglected, not only in our schools, but which I am told is almost an unknown quantity in the halls of congress, once vibrant with the eloquence of such men as Hill, and Toombs, and Ransom of North Carolina. When we read the tame little speeches made by the great majority of our present representatives in Congress, so puny that they are ashamed to speak them, but have them printed in the Congressional Record, we long for the impetuous and fiery eloquence of Hayne and Prentiss, and Grady, and others whose splendid flights could move an audience to anger or to tears. When the iniquitous and infamous tariff bill was proposed in Congress by the Payne-Aldrich combination, we longed for some Southern patriot gifted with the power of fervid eloquence, to rise in defence of the poor and oppressed consumer, and thunder forth the philippics of invective against the robber barons of plutocracy and protection, against the merciless greed of the New England manufacturers, who tax with an enormous and infernal tariff the millions of their suffering countrymen, in order that they may pour into their already bursting coffers uncounted millions wrung from the brow of honest toil; and against the subsidized treachery

of some of our Southern representatives, who betrayed their country in the hour of her direct need, into the hands of the unscrupulous advocates of class legislation. Oh, for a Pickney to thunder forth the defiance, "Millions for defence, but not a cent for tribute". Oh, for a Patrick Henry, to rise from his seat, and hurl defiance into the teeth of our oppressors, and the traitor tories who aid them.

You will pardon me if I seem to be digressing into the field of politics, but I often think that we do not give enough attention in our schools to Civil Government and Current Events. While we are teaching our children to raise more cotton and corn, and training them in Algebra and Mathematics, the scheming politician and the mercenary henchmen of the "Special Interests" are planning through governmental aid to rob us of all that we produce. Of what avail is it that we double our production of corn and cotton by scientific methods, if we allow a band of Northern robbers, aided by Southern traitors, to make laws which enable them to corner markets, and the raise the price of necessaries sky high; to build a tariff wall against competition, thus enabling them to sell their manufactured products much cheaper to foreigners than they do to us—of what avail, I say, is all our labor and all our toil? Let us train our children in our schools in the principles of civic righteousness, and teach them how to rise upon any occasion, and to express themselves fluently and forcibly upon the issues of the day. We need patriots and orators now as we never needed them before. Our own government of this enlightened twentieth century is a picture of class legislation, and of prostitution of high office to the insatiate greed of trusts, and combines, and corporations, and monopolies of every kind. The steel trust is now selling rails to foreign countries at the rate of nineteen dollars a ton, and is demanding thirty-two dollars a ton from our own countrymen. The food trust is cornering and storing away in vast packing houses, millions of pounds

of the necessaries of life, and forcing the ill-paid laborer to pay exorbitant and extortionate prices to save his wife and children from starvation. Under our corrupt system of legislation, the woolen trust is compelling you and me to pay a duty of one hundred and sixty-five per cent. on blankets to shield us from the cold of winter. The damnable tariff is making you and me pay double and treble the value of everything we wear and every manufactured product that we use, simply that a few multimillionare corporations may swell themselves to utter bursting with the hard earned dollars of the consumer.

And yet, with these facts staring us daily in the face, we still go on with our eyes upon the ground, and our noses to the grindstone, and continue to send back to Congress the contemptible politicians who are selling our homes and firesides, our wives and our children, and all that we hold dear, into a state of serfdom to the Morgans and Rockefellers and their allied interests, who are threatening us with a tyranny worse than that threatened by George the Third. Let us teach our children in our homes and in our schools to honor truth and justice, to despise deceit and treachery, and to hold above all other things—"As high as hope's great throbbing star above the darkness of the dead"—loyalty to principle, and obedience to duty; and that he who sells his vote, or betrays trust, is no better than Judas Iscariot.

There never was a time when our country needed patriotic speakers more than she needs them today. It is an age of commercialism, and of insatiate greed for gain. Venal courts pronounce righteous laws unconstitutional, and when the national lawmaker is presented with an iniquitous proposition, he "Holds his hands behind him". Equal rights to all, and special privileges to none", is a forgotten motto, and the old Latin maxim, "Justitia Fiat, Ruat Coelum", is as obsolete as the mythology of Jupiter. We should teach our children "To spurn the rage of gain";

"Teach them that states of native strength possessed,
Tho' very poor, may still be very blessed,
While Trade's proud empire hastes to swift decay,
As ocean sweeps the labored mound away."

Universal education, moral, as well as mental, is the only panacea for the ills that afflict us. The training of the intellect to perceive the line between right and wrong, and the universal acceptation of the truth that "He loads the dice against himself, who scores a point against the right." When we have so trained our sons that they shall know the true meaning of patriotism—no North, no South, no East, no West; and when we become intelligent enough, and brave enough to send such men to make our national laws, then, and then only, can we feel that we are an equal part of a great and glorious country, and not a section of serfs; then we shall feel the inspiration of the immortal Ben Hill, when he said, "Raise high that flag of our fathers; let Southern breezes kiss it, let Southern skies reflect it; Southern sons will love it, Southern patriots will defend it, and Southern heroes will die for it. And as its folds unfurl beneath the heavens, let the voices of patriots from the North and from the East, and from the West, join our voices from the South, and raise to heaven the universal according chorus, wave on, flag of our fathers, wave forever; but wave over a land of equals, and not over a land of serfs; wave over a land of law and liberty, and not over anarchy, oppression and strife". Then shall we of Georgia and of the South sing with Joseph Rodman Drake:

"When Freedom from her mountain height
Unfurled her standard to the air,
She tore the azure robe of night,
And set her stars of glory there.
She mingled with its gorgeous dyes
The milky baldric of the skies,
And striped its pure celestial white
With streakings of the morning light.

Flag of the free, on oceans wave
  Thy stars shall glitter o'er the brave;
When death, careering on the gale,
  Sweeps darkly round the bellied sail,
And frighted waves rush wildly back
  Before the broadside's reeling rack,
Each dying wanderer of the sea
  Shall look at once to heaven and thee,
And smile to see thy splendors fly
  In triumph o'er his closing eye.

Flag of the free heart's hope and home,
  By angel hands to valor given,
Thy stars have lit the welkin dome,
  And all thy hues were born in heaven."

## ADDRESS TO THE FARMERS UNION

### Saturday, May 27, 1911, at Jackson Church

Fellow Citizens:

I fully appreciate the honor conferred upon me by the invitation so cordially extended me to address you upon this occasion. We have not met here today with the fanfare of martial music and parade to give utterance to heroic platitudes, nor to advocate any personal and selfish aspirations; but if possible to say some words of encouragement, and give some inspiration to an organization composed of men who constitute the very backbone of industrial and economic progress, and whose purpose is the betterment of agricultural environment and conditions, upon which rest the very foundations of our national prosperity. All other classes of employment have their organizations and their unions, and I see no reason why the farmers should not have theirs. They may have different names and dress in the guise of different garbs; but their aim is one and the same—mutual co-operation and endeavor, and a defensive alliance for self-preservation and self betterment. The carpenters, painters, mill operatives and miners have their unions. The bankers have their conventions and associations; the various professions have their combinations, and annual gatherings, and I have heard it intimated that even the steel, sugar, lumber, tobacco, rubber, and whisky industries have organizations which sometimes go under the name of trusts. The difference between your organization and these last which I have mentioned, is that while yours is a defensive alliance, for mutual protection, theirs is chiefly an offensive federation for predatory warfare upon mankind at large.

When I tell you that I am the son of a farmer, and that I was reared upon a farm amid the old red

hills of North Georgia, and did not leave it until I went off to college at the age of sixteen, you can readily understand without any fervent declaration upon my part, where my sympathies lie. Some of my lifes sweetest memories yet linger amid the hills and vales of that old plantation, where I plowed and hoed the cotton and the corn, and helped gather the golden fruited grain and the snowy staple in the dreamy days of Indian Summer. And some of the highest aspirations of my boyhood days were gathered under the shade of the old cedar trees, where I often lay when the crops were "laid by," and gathered inspiration from reading the masterpieces of Walter Scott, and Byron and Pope and Burns. My sympathies were kindled even then for the simplicity, purity, and guilelessness of farm life and my indignation aroused when I would read of the tyranny of the English plutocrat upon the tenant farmer, and I never forgot such sentiments as these from the poet Burns—

"See yonder poor, o'erlabored wight,
So abject, mean and vile,
Who begs a brother of the earth
To give him leave to toil;

And see his lordly fellow worm
The poor petition spurn,
Unmindful though a weeping wife
And helpless offspring mourn."

As often as I looked into the old atlas that accompanied the geographies of that day, and saw the picture of the Fabled Giant, Atlas, supporting the world upon his shoulders, I thought he was fitly typical of the farmers of the world, the producer carrying the burden of the idle rich, the consumers, upon his shoulders. And those sympathies, then kindled, have never grown cold or ceased to burn for those who till the soil, and feed the millions of the world. The older I grew, the more I learned to appreciate and to honor the "man behind the hoe," and the more I hated the organized and rapacious

greed of plutocratic monopolies which would rob him of the hard-earned product of his toil, and the more I despised the crafty duplicity of the scheming politician who cajoled the farmer for his vote, simply that he might betray him for a price to the merciless interests of the favored and soulless few.

I congratulate you, then, upon your "Union." Stick to it, and stick to each other. May your plans and purposes strengthen and increase, from year to year, and from decade to decade. And I earnestly pray to Almighty God that the day will sometime come when the farmer can and will dictate to the manufacturers the price of the product of his farm, instead of having it fixed for him in Liverpool, or New York, or anywhere else beneath the broad canopy of the skies. I am so tired of hearing my toiling countrymen of the South say to the bloated tyrant of the East, "What will you give me for mine, and what will you take for yours?" I tell you my friends, you may talk about your bloody victories on the battle field; but I remember one which the farmers won without bullets or bayonets, and which thrilled my heart with a far greater feeling of exultation than the triumphs at Santiago or Manila; it was when you banded yourselves into a determined and relentless warfare against an infernal extortion, and knocked into ten thousand smithereens the diabolical "Jute trust."

This was made possible only by systematic organization, and unselfish co-operation, for the accomplishment of one great and common end. The various business forces of the world are organized, and working together with the precision of a drilled and disciplined army; and woe betide the irregular and unorganized forces which they meet. Therefore, I say to you, your only hope of safety is in union; and although I no longer follow the plowshare, or stoop to pluck the fleecy locks that go to clothe the nations, my deepest and profoundest sympathies and heartfelt benedictions rest and abide now and forever upon the "Farmers Union."

It would be the work of supererogation on the part of a schoolteacher, and I should be deemed presumptuous to undertake to give advice to experienced and expert farmers upon the subject of practical farming. I could easily take lessons from you in this school, and therefore I shall not undertake to read you homilies and theories about agriculture which I now know only in books. It might not be amiss, however, to say that progress is being made in every department of science, and in every branch of the worlds vast and varied industries. Improved means of preparation of the soil, of fertilization, of drainage, of cultivation are being devised and advertised from year to year, and newer and better agricultural implements invented. The intelligent and progressive farmer, like the intelligent and progressive man in any other line of business, is never satisfied to rest in complacent self-satisfaction with the idea that he knows it all, and that we have reached the "Ne plus ultra." It is his duty to read and investigate and experiment without ceasing, if he wishes to keep up with the march of progress; and I say it modestly, as far as opportunity offers, to sometimes take a trip away from his own home, and see the conditions of the farms and the roads and the fences in other sections than his own, for I believe with all my heart that there is no greater educator than traveling and seeing what the world about us is doing. To illustrate this fact, a friend of mine some years ago was well contented with his idea of farming until he took a trip through southern Indiana, and there saw one man making a crop of ten thousand bushels of corn on a hundred acre farm, cultivated by an improved sulky plow drawn by four huge Percheron horses. So I say we must not be satisfied to rest upon our laurels. and to view with suspicion and prejudice the developments in the great world about us.

But as I said to you a moment ago, I am not qualified to advise you upon this really great science. What I say to you must of necessity be

upon other lines. There are two things which I wish to emphasize particularly, and I will do so briefly, for my talk is going to be short.

In the first place we are giving too much of our time to our private business, to the neglect of our public affairs. While you have been busy planting, and plowing, and hoeing and digging, your public servants have been betraying your interests into the hands of the malefactors of unhallowed wealth, and unless you and all of us wake up to a realizing sense of the situation, our government will soon be in the hands of a tyrannical oligarchy of Morgans and Guggenheims and Vanderbilts and Rockefellers. The note of warning has been sounded to you again and again by a few patriotic sentinels who have been standing on guard, but you heeded them not. Senator Ben Tillman of South Carolina, one of the greatest men that the South has produced since the Civil War, said in a public utterance that the American government of today reminded him forcibly of the degenerate days of Rome, just before the decline and fall of the Roman Empire. The greed and graft of the insatiate billionaire has entered and seized upon the legislation of our congresses and the decisions of our highest courts. The most damnable tariff law the world has ever known was passed by our last Congress, by which the cost of living has been vastly increased to ninety millions of our common people, and for the benefit only of predatory and merciless wealth. Some of the men who thus sold their birthright for a mess of pottage, and sold your homes and firesides into slavery were put there by your own vote. You did not do it intentionally, but nevertheless you did it. The infernal scoundrels who advocate this enormous tariff tell you and me that it is necessary to protect our American labor from the pauper labor of Europe; at the same time they are chartering steamships to import millions of these same European paupers to compete with the American laborer, and selling their products cheaper in foreign countries than they do to their own countrymen here at home.

Only a short time ago the United States Senate refused to turn out of that august body a certain millionaire, Lorimer, the tool of the trusts, whose election by the Illinois legislature was bought by a slush fund of $100,000 raised by certain interests in Chicago, although it was indisputably proven by many of the legislators who confessed that they had received $1,000 each for their votes.

What a melancholy spectacle when a United States Senator, convicted of election by bribery can still hold his position in the lawmaking body of the greatest nation on earth! Where is our civic righteousness departed? Where are the Pinckneys, and the Calhouns, and the Stephens and the Hills, and the Herschel V. Johnsons? "Are the hopes which sustained them all poisoned in us? Is our high expected destiny all eclipsed, and before its noon?" Are we going to blindly follow the furrow, and allow our public servants to sell us soul and body to the human monsters whose lust for gain not all the gold of the Klondike or the gems of Golconda could satisfy? Are we going to continue to fatten the traitorous representatives who are giving our heritage to our enemies, and repaying us with smooth words and an occasional package of ten cent garden seed? God of our Fathers, where are the descendents of Marion and Sumter who fought for principle, and who would rather eat a dinner of cold potatoes under the naked arch of the blue sky as free men, than feast at the table of an opulent master, and wear the livery of slaves?

Fellow citizens, let us wake up, and look the truth squarely in the face. Let us read what our national lawmakers are doing, and when they have proven recreant to their trusts, let us consign them to the everlasting ignominy and obloquy of Judas Iscariot.

The trouble seems to be that the farmer does not pay enough attention to the cost of what he has to buy, provided only he gets a fair price for his crop. But of what avail is 15 cent cotton, if you have to pay three or four prices for everything you buy,

from a plow point to a threshing machine, and from a cotton handkerchief to a suit of clothes?

We are prone to complain about high local taxes; and yet I say to you with the absolute assurance of my correctness that the man who pays a state and county tax of $100 for which he derives some protection and service, pays twice that much through the tortuous tariff to the greedy cormorants of the North and East, from which neither he nor his government derives the slightest benefit. The tariff on overcoats is 250 per cent, on woolen blankets 150 per cent, and on nearly everything the farmer buys, 100 per cent. That means that you pay $25 for a $10 overcoat, $12 for a pair of $4 blankets, $60 for a $30 sewing machine. Your special school tax this year was only three mills, which would amount to $30 on a property valuation of $10,000, and there is not a man who has bought one of these fine $60 steel ranges who did not pay indirectly to the manufacturer a tax on this one cooking apparatus more than the cost of his childrens education for the year 1911. No government has any moral or legal right to make laws which operate for the benefit of the few at the expense of the many, and the man who knowingly helps elect these subsidized lawmakers is not only false to his home, but is accessory to a crime against his country. I have always been proud of the state of my nativity. It has produced some of the greatest men in the nations history; her Hills, and Stephens, and Toombs, and Gradys will live forever in the hearts of their countrymen; but I bowed my head in shame over her humiliation when in the year of our Lord 1909 six of her congressmen practically lined up with the advocates of the Payne-Aldrich tariff, and put a stain of infamy upon the escutcheon of the Empire State of the South. But I shall not linger longer upon this subject.

In the second place, the farmer must not neglect the education of his children. There are some things of greater value than crops of cotton and corn, as indispensable as they may be. The future

citizenship of our country is a more valuable asset than our banks and our railroads, and magnificent structures of steel and granite. In the mad rush for material gain, not only we of the South, but the entire American people are in danger of forgetting that our deepest possessions are boys and girls, our embryo citizens—our future men and women. Cultivate these, and instill into them principles of uprightness, and integrity, and loyalty to duty, and we are safe; neglect these, and not all the gorgeous temples, and splendid armies, and mighty navies can give any stability of perpetuity to our Commonwealth.

Educate your boys, if you are not living for sordid self alone, but have any interest in the welfare of your children, and in the government under which they must live. For a government is no stronger than the individual units which compose it. And when we have an educated citizenship, we will have better citizens, better legislators, better jurors, a purer ballot, and a truly democratic government of the people, by the people, and for the people. No giant monopolies can then enthrall us, no hideous trust enslave. The fraud and graft of courts and congresses will wither under the burning searchlight of an enlightened public sentiment. No Russian despotism can then grind us beneath its iron heel, for the plowman in the field, and the toiler in all the multiplied industries of earth, will rise with the power of an intelligent franchise, and sweep away the minions and the myrmidons of extortion and greed as the whirlwind scatters the winters withered leaves.

## THE MILITANT SUFFRAGETTE

1

She has pulled off the feminine frizzes and stitches,
She has taken the war-path, and put on the breeches,
She has left her poor hubby at home cooking dinner,
While she struts with her ballot, and bets on the winner.

2

Yea, the suffragette comes, "like the wolf on the fold,
And she rants, and she swaggers, and rules at the polls,
Leaves matters domestic to "hubby" to keep,
While her "hubby" at home rocks the baby to sleep.

3

The husband—poor devil—afraid of his wife,
Has surrendered to "wifey" the struggle and strife,
She rants in the courts, and she sits on the jury,
And she swears on the streets—does this feminine fury.

4

She stands in the pulpit, she bosses the schools,
The affairs of the state and the nation she rules;
Even puts on a helmet, and carries a billy,
And arrests all the toughs—does this suffragette silly.

5

She is boss of the banks, and she cashes the checks,
Till she smashes the bank, and its credit she wrecks;
Though she bankrupts the town, and she ruins the
school,
Pray what does she care—does this feminine fool?

6

Look out for a season of cruel disaster,
When the scepter she takes from her lord and her
master,
For ruin, the reaper, his harvest will reap,
The nation will bleed, and the government weep.

7

Let the suffragette perish; let woman not roam
From that Eden of earth—from our hearth and our
home;
For woman at home, gentle, modest, and true,
Is the spell and the light of each path we pursue.

8

Her home is her empire: there, there let her shine,
And to manhood the strife and the struggle resign;
Tho the storms sweep around us, beneath us, above,
She shall rule as a queen in that kingdom of love.

## WHAT CONSTITUTES A SUCCESSFUL LIFE?

### Delivered at Goloid Church, 1909

To the reflecting mind, the question necessarily often occurs, "What is the chief object of living? What is the ultimate goal of our effort? What means this tremendous struggle for existence—the hurrying of the mighty hosts, thronging, crowding on each others heels, and often trampling each other down in the mad rush for pleasure, pelf, or power?"

The truth of the matter is, that so many of us are so busy looking after the most sordid material wants of life, that we rarely pause long enough to consider the question, "Am I making the most of my life? Am I in pursuit of a worthy end and ambition, measuring up to a high standard of living, a factor in the uplifting of the world, or do I belong to that

> "Mighty multitude who creep
> Into this world to eat and sleep,
> And if whose tombstones, when they die,
> Ben't taught to flatter and to lie,
> There's nothing better can be said
> Than they've eat up all their bread,
> Drunk all their drink and gone to bed."

If indeed this ended all; if the few short years of mans allotted time stopped with the grave, and death were the folding forever of wings, then there were little need to consider. Well enough it might be to spend the fleeting years like Anthony and Cleopatra, or like Louis of France and Madame Pompadour, whose chief objects seemed to be the indulgence of voluptuous pleasure. Or power might claim our highest endeavor, and we might emulate the lives of Caesar and Alexander, of Hannibal and Napoleon; or we might make the

accumulation of money our chief concern, and consider the modern "Lords of High Finance," the Morgans and Rockefellers, the most successful men of the century. But within us all there is a still small voice which tells us we shall live again; an immortal principle which neither the rolling years, nor wasting rains, nor changing seasons can destroy.

"There is no death, the stars go down
To rise upon some fairer shore;
And bright in heaven's jeweled crown
They shine forevermore.

And ever near us, tho' unseen,
The dear immortal spirits tread,
For all the boundless universe
Is life—there is no dead."

This belief is not peculiar to the Orthodox Christian only; it was taught in all ages, and in all countries; on the banks of the Nile, under the shadow of the Pyramids. The ancient Egyptians worshiped Isis and Osiris and Horus; on the sunny slopes of Greece and Italy, temples were built to Jupiter and Juno; our savage Celtic ancestors, amid boreal storms and snows, bowed down to Wodin and Thor; and

"Lo, the poor Indian, whose untutored mind
Saw God in clouds, or heard Him in the wind."

Not all the greatest scientists the world has ever produced have ever been able to eradicate from the human mind the hope and the belief that "This corruption shall put on incorruption, and this mortal shall put on immortality." Poets have sung it, orators have proclaimed it, sages have taught it, and historians have written it. It may not be susceptible of mathematical demonstration, but the very universality of the longing, the world-wide dominion of this belief, is in itself, a strong evidence of its truth. We may not comprehend its mystery, for we have not grasped the marvel of the x-ray,

nor the wonders of electricity; but we feel it, and we hope it, and we believe it. The sweetest poems ever written by bard or sung by minstrel voiced this idea of God: Coleridge said,

"He prayeth best who loveth best
All things both great and small,
For the dear God who loveth us,
He made and loveth all."

Campbell in his "Last Man" exclaimed,

"Go sun, while mercy holds thee up
On natures awful waste,
To drink this last and bitter cup
Of woe that man shall taste;
Go, tell the moon that hides thy face,
Thou saws't the last of Adams race
On earth's sepulchral clod,
The darkening universe defy
To quench his immortality,
Or shake his trust in God."

So too, Alexander Pope, England's greatest poet-philosopher, said in his "Universal Prayer,"

"Thou Great First Cause, least understood,
Who all my sense confined,
To know but this, that Thou art good,
And that myself am blind."

Yet gave me in this dark estate
To know the good from ill,
And binding Nature fast in fate,
Left free the human will."

Still again, Tennyson in his "In Memoriam," says,

"Nothing walks with aimless feet,
And not one life shall be destroyed,
Or cast as rubbish to the void,
When God hath made the pile complete."

John Greenleaf Whittier, our American poet, says,

"I know not where his islands lift
Their fronded palms in air;
I only know I cannot drift
Beyond his love and care."

And so beside the silent sea
I wait the muffled oar;
No harm from Him can come to me
On ocean or on shore."

And so we might go on multiplying quotations from the worlds sweetest singers, until your patience was exhausted.

When we stand at the grave of our loved and lost, and look upon the pulseless clay, once buoyant with the ruddy tide of life, we feel that we shall meet again; that we shall recognize and be recognized, and again enjoy communion of spirit, sweeter and purer than we have known before. Robert G. Ingersoll, standing by the grave of his brother, gave voice to this hope when he said, "In the night of death Hope sees a star, and listening love can catch the rustle of a wing." In fact, the book of Nature is pregnant with proofs of a supreme First Cause, and it were the veriest folly to suppose a self-created Universe. What a stupendous work of chance it would have been that could have flung into space the mighty hosts of the sky, moving with the precision of the most perfect clock-work; suns and planets and comets, each in its fixed orbit, and all in perfect harmony. No wonder the Psalmist exclaimed, "The Heavens declare thy glory, and the firmament sheweth thy handiwork." Equally absurd it is to suppose that man is a creature of chance, evolved by some mysterious accident into a Shakespeare, a Raphael, or a Mendellsohn, living out his three score years and ten, and then passing into oblivion and eternal nothingness. Of what use then were the virtues of loyalty and patriotism, and heroism and martyrdom? What then becomes

of the heroes of Thermopylae and Balaklava, of Bunker Hill and Gettysburg? Nay, all our notions of justice, of virtue, of patience, of fortitude, of self-sacrifice, spring from a belief in the immortality of life.

If, then, we are to regard this life as the vestibule to another and a higher life, by what standards should our lives be measured? History is full of men who have accomplished deeds that will perpetuate their memory. Zenghis Khan, the Asiatic Conqueror, swept like a tornado over the east, and built as a monument to his memory, a mighty pyramid of human skulls. Alexander the Great conquered the known world, and wept because there was no more to conquer. Napoleon won matchless victories, at Austerlitz, Jena and Marengo, and had all Europe at his feet, but his sun went down at Waterloo, and he died a lonely exile on the island of St. Helena, "unwept, unhonored and unsung." Alexander died of a drunken debauch, and the grave of Zenghis Khan has long been forgotten. They lived the lives of despots, and are known only to the student of history. But what of Bunyan, Martin Luther, and of the poor Galilean peasant, born in a manger more than 1,900 years ago?

How few men know anything of the world's great orators, poets and philosophers; but the influence of Jesus Christ has lived for nearly two thousand years, and his teachings are familiar to the rude unlettered peasant as well as to the scholar. No code of morals the world has ever known can compare with that of the "Man of Galilee." Clearly, then, that is the most successful life which approaches most nearly the life of the lowly Nazarene. Not a life of self-emolument or self-indulgence; not of selfish greed or gain, but a life of service and of love. Evidently this is no easy task, for human nature is weak, clad in a living robe of passionate flesh, with all the vices of heredity, "stained by crimes of many vanished years, and pushed by hands that long ago were dust. When we look about us, we are confronted on every side with

unmistakable evidences of private guilt and public wrong; of the oppression of capital, of judicial corruption, of legislative injustice, of the extortion of greed, and the license of lust. Congress passes iniquitous tariff laws which discriminate in favor of the rich manufacturer, at the expense of the poor consumer. Judges are bought and sold, and juries are bribed; dishonesty stalks in high places, and public officials boldly embezzle trust funds. The liquor manufacturers and dispensers still ply their nefarious trade, while the "White Slave" traffic thrives in the great Metropolitan centers, and the great dailies reek with crime of every kind, until we are sometimes inclined to become pessimists, and to cry out "What's the use?" And yet it behooves us to stand firm against the tide, in unshaken loyalty to duty. There are men of unshaken courage and conviction, who are fighting fearlessly, and we should stand by them as "Soldiers of the common good."

"Truth crushed to earth shall rise again,
The eternal years of God are hers,
But Error, wounded, writhes in pain,
And dies among her worshippers."

The days seem very dark sometimes, but some rifts within the darkest clouds still let the sunshine through. In spite of the palpable evil that exists, the world is steadily growing better:

"Yet I doubt not through the ages one increasing purpose runs,
And the thoughts of men are widened with the process of the suns;
Not in vain the distance beacons, forward, forward let us range,
Let the great world spin forever down the ringing grooves of change."

To argue from the pessimists standpoint that the world is degenerating, is to argue that creation is a failure, and its author incompetent. We look at things from an insufficient viewpoint, and our gaze is bounded by a narrow horizon. Ever and anon there are periods of apparent retrogression, but these periods are short lived, and the next advancing wave of progression sweeps us still higher on the shore. The storms which darken the sky are evanescent, and when they pass away, the atmosphere becomes purer, the skies more serene, and the hope of humanity more steadfast than before. Let us not lose courage in the strife of the right with the wrong, but fight steadfastly for principle, despising duplicity, and spurning injustice. Let us, like the Roman Vestals, keep forever alive the fires of truth and justice, and brotherly love, maintaining the purity of home life, loyalty to state, and love of our country. A nation is great only as the units which compose it are great.

If Georgia is to be a great state, if the United States is to be a great country, we must be great units to make a great composite whole. There is no truer sentiment than that expressed by Sir William Jones:

What constitutes a state?
Not high raised battlements or labored mound,
Thick wall or moated gate;
Not cities proud, with spires and turrets crowned,
Where low born baseness wafts perfume to pride;
Not bays or broad armed ports,
Where laughing at the storm, rich navies ride;
No, men, high minded men,
With powers as far above dull brutes endued,
In forest, brake or den,
As men excel cold cold rocks and brambles rude;
Men who their duties know,
And knowing, dare maintain."

It is necessary, then, that we cherish high ideals, no matter how far short of these high aims our lives

may fall. We love the man who has the courage of his convictions. We love the man, who like Socrates, could stand by his conscience, and drink the cup of hemlock, rather than surrender his convictions. We love the man, who like John Bunyan, could lie in a London prison for thirteen years, suffering persecution for opinions sake, and whose Pilgrims Progress, born in Bedford jail, will live forever to help mankind, when kings and conquerors and financiers have been forgotten. And yet all the truly great cannot attain the distinction of such men as I have mentioned. There is many a hero, and many a heroine as genuinely noble as those whose names have been embalmed in song and story. Many a nobleman dwells in the obscurity of a humble home, and many an uncrowned queen is wearing her life away in the discharge of her duty as wife and mother.

"Full many a gem of purest ray serene
The dark unfathomed caves of ocean bear;
Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,
And waste its sweetness on the desert air.

Perhaps in some neglected spot is laid
Some heart once pregnant with celestial fire;
Hands that the rod of empire might have swayed,
Or waked to ecstasy the living lyre."

It is the building of a noble character that makes a truly successful life, and not the acquisition of wealth, or fame, or power. Above the grave of his hero Homer wrote the words, "He was a brave man;" above the grave of his hero, Plato inscribed the words, "He was a wise man;" above the tomb of his hero, Alcibiades lifted the words, "He was a rich man." What epitaph shall we write above the grave of our hero? "He was a loyal man and true, faithful in the discharge of his duty."

"Howe'er it be, it seems to me,
'Tis only noble to be good;
Kind hearts are more than coronets,
And simple faith than Norman blood."

In view not only of the existence of another life, but of the exceeding brevity of this one, how vastly important that we make the most of character building here. The longest space of life is but a span compared with the possibilities that lie out beyond the grave. Looking backward down the ascent which we have climbed, we see at the bottom of the incline, a cradle; and forward, at the base of that other incline, where twilight shadows deepen into night—a grave. How eminently appropriate the words, "So teach us to number our days that we may apply our hearts unto wisdom." After the cares of the busy day are over, indulging in retrospection, and introspection, in the still small hours of the night, and giving heed to the voice of that silent monitor Conscience. That monitor which teaches us that the highest philosophy of living is a life of service to our fellow man; not the primal and ignoble instinct which reduces life to the survival of the fittest, but which leads us to help mankind, so that the greatest possible number may be fitted to survive.

Helping the weak, comforting the distressed, and lifting the fallen—these are among the duties which go not only into the building of a strong character, but which make the world the happier, and brighter, and better, and crown our lives with a benediction. There is but little philosophy in that religion which is but the offering of incense to the Almighty, and which fails to respond to the cry of human needs; "If ye love not your neighbor whom ye have seen, how can ye love God whom ye have not seen?" The great teacher himself has said, Inasmuch as ye did it not unto these, ye did it not unto me." In living for others, we are building for ourselves. We may not live to see the promised millennium,

but each generation can so live that a grander development shall be stamped upon each succeeding century. Let us do our part, then, not with an eye single to self-aggrandeizment, but looking to the universal good. Training our children so that when our time comes to lay aside the chisel and the mallet from tired hands, we shall leave the further building of the architecture of God the destiny of the world in better and more skillful hands than ours.

## TOAST, DELIVERED AT THE WOMANS CIVIC CLUB BANQUET IN SYLVANIA, 1913

I heard it whispered by some lady friend of mine that I was invited to say pleasant things, which another good lady friend says I didn't mean. The latter part of this charge I gently but firmly repudiate. I confess that I am partial to saying pleasant things to my friends, and about my friends, in which I claim the utmost sincerity. And certainly this is an occasion calculated to stir pleasant thoughts, and provoke the utterance of pleasing things, even by the veriest anchorite. When I look around upon the assembled beauty and chivalry of our sylvan city, gathered for the purpose of promoting the most laudable civic enterprises, and realize that without one single exception I am talking to my true and loyal friends, whom I love as I love none else beneath the vaulted blue, I feel the kindling zeal that fires the poets mind, and thrills the touch of music's master hand.

I feel as I have never felt before, that there is going to be a revolution, a transformation and a reformation in civic affairs in Sylvania, since her women have become aroused, and dauntless hearts, inspired by local patriotic pride and maternal love, have sent from rosy and resistless lips the fiat, "It shall be done."

"He is a fool, who thinks by force or skill,
To turn the current of a woman's will;
For when she will, she will, you may depend on't,
And when she won't, she won't, and there's an end on't."

It gives me the keenest pleasure to observe that your energies have been turned in the best possible direction—the improvement and beautifying of the

school grounds, whereby your children may have an attractive place for exercise and recreation. Sylvania is a beautiful little city, but its beauty is altogether too commercial. The dollar mark is stamped in mammoth letters upon its banks and stores of brick and stone. A handsome court house rears its slated dome amid commercial buildings which would be a credit to any town, and a white way sheds its mellow light on streets thronged by hurrying automobiles; but in the midst of all the many splendid and expensive things, little or no provision has been made for the children, the future men and women of our town. If we really love and cherish them as we profess, and the common expression that they are the hope of the country is not an empty platitude, as meaningless as "Sounding brass and tinkling cymbal," it is high time that we prove our declarations by our deeds. I am glad, I say, that our fair women have taken the initiative, and that ere long, beneath the magic touch of woman's hand, the place where our children live and move for nine long months in every year will bud and blossom into beauty, and thronging crowds of happy boys and girls can rove and rest "far from the madding crowds ignoble strife," on turfy green, beneath umbrageous trees, where childhoods happy laugh may ripple with the music of unsullied thought.

All honor, then, to the Woman's Civic Club of Sylvania, which has inagurated this commendable enterprise, and may their example be an inspiration to the men to pause awhile from the engrossing cares of business, and turn their attention to things which enrich in the character of the men and women yet to be.

## THE VILLAGE PARSON

1

There once lived a preacher—his name was Jawbone,
Who was sent the "Glad tidings of joy" to make
known
To the town of Billvania, the sinners to save,
And to rescue their souls from death, hell and the
grave.

2

He came and he saw, and he conquered? Oh no—
Now list and I'll tell you his story of woe;
The job was too big for the brain of this pastor,
And his labors all ended in cruel disaster.

3

He was dumpy and squat, and he looked like a Jap,
Some wags of the town said he looked like a "yap";
His brain was as small as his physical "figger"
And his foot was as flat as the foot of a "nigger".

4

The folks didn't ask if he had education,
They but asked that the preacher should give 'em
salvation
As cheap as they could, and they cared not a copper,
If he couldn't spell right, and he couldn't talk proper.

5

So he preached and he prayed, and he sweated and
snorted,
Riz up on his haunches, and foamed and cavorted,
And he slew—did this Jawbone—like Sampson of
old,
All the "Bridge" and the "Forty-two" goats of his
fold.

6

He riz like a czar in his clerical might,
And he "turned 'em out" left, and he "turned 'em
out" right,
Till the flock of the bulk of its "goats" is bereft,
And only a few of the "sheep" are now left.

7

Now what is the sequel? Alack and alas,
A dangerous thing's the jawbone of an ass;
Like the flight of the boomerang, backward it sped,
And it hit him "kerwhack," and the preacher is dead.

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